

REFLECTIONS
ON A LATE
L I B E L,
Wyllm. Wm. INTITULED,
OBSERVATIONS
On a Late
Famous Sermon,
INTITULED,
Curse ye Meros:

With a full and true *Narrative of Mr.*
Hickeringill's L I F E.

By *A. B.* In a Letter to our old Friend, *R.L.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Williams*, at the *Crown* in
St. Paul's Church-yard, 1680.

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REFLECTIONS

On a Late

LIBEL, &c.

SIR,

Yesterday came to my hand the said *Libel* (so I call it, because) it is throughout false and slanderous, and without a Name, no, not so much as of the Bookseller or Printer, that durst Print or vend such a venomous Pamphlet.

Besides this, I have seen many a private Letter written to him, but without any Name subscribed, since the publishing of --- *Curse ye Meroz*. --- One threatens he shall be stab'd; another says, he wonders the Bishops do not pull his Gown off his Back, he is such a *Common-swearer*, *Common-drunkard*, *Common-Barrater*, and *Common Debauchee*; another threatens, that the Sermon shall be answered very speedily in Print; and then he shall see, how publickly they would make a very Rogue of him, and prove he was a Rebel against K. *Charles I*. But that the mischief on't is, K. *Charles* was Beheaded before Mr. *Hickeringill* was 16 years old. And to compleat his misery, yesterday he received a Letter, that begun (with a witty *Anagram* upon his name) thus, Mr. *Hickeringill*, *Anagr.* Mr. *Hectoring Devil*. So mad they are, you see, that they throw their very Brains as well Gall at him. All which I was unwilling to conceal from you that loves him so dearly, and to beg of you, that as you love your self, your Life, your Wife and Children (or which is dearest to you) your Reputation, take warning by Mr. *Hickeringill's* Fate, and never dare to Print or Preach against Fanaticks; for they are old Dog at Lying and Slander-ing, Murthering, and wounding Reputation.

Indeed, *Solomon* says, *Answer not a Fool according to his Folly, lest thou also be like unto him*; that is, lest thou be accounted, by taking notice of his Folly, as foolish and impertinent as he.

And yet in the very next verse, *Prov. 26. 5.* as if upon second thoughts, he had chang'd his Opinion, he gives quite contrary Advice, saying, *Answer a Fooll according to his Folly, lest he be wise in his own Eyes;* lest he plume himself (like this Observator) Crow and Strut, as if he was unanswerable and uncontroulable, in reviling a Sermon that has carefully asserted his Majesties Pre-rogative, and the Parliament and Peoples Properties and Immunitiess.

'Tis true, Holy *David* knew not any Remedy for a flandrous and venomous Tongue; *What shall be given thee, and what shall be done unto thee? Oh, thou false Tongue!* There is no such Antidote against the Poyson of Asps and Vipers, as their own Flesh, they carry about them their *Alexipharmaccon*; and all the Remedy that I shall make use of at present against this *viperous* Libeller, (*the poyson of Asps being under his Lips*) is only taken out of the Body of the Libel it self, and shew the Falshood of those Scandals, by their own Incongruity and Incoufistency.

For the *Observator* (so I'le call him, as he calls himself) shooting in the dark at Mens Reputations, and wounding them without Fear, (as well as without Controul) instead of making Observations upon the said Sermon, says not one word that is significant in *Answer*, or to *confute the same*; but according to the wonted Attacques of such Adversaries, *falls foul* upon the Person, and shaking hands with the Argument, lets drive at Mr. *Hickeringill*, when he has first aspers'd him with his smutty Ink.

And because he knew Mr. *Hickeringill's* Conversation to be so innocent and unblameable, that nothing but Malice and Falshood conjoyn'd, can vilifie him, therefore he dare not say, but yet makes a wild and impertinent Supposal, p. 7. of a *Graceless Villain*, insinuating slyly, that Mr. *Hickeringill* was that same Graceless Villain; but lest he should be taken by the Beard for it, with ----- *What do you mean, Sir?* He presently cries *peccavi*, and Oh Lord, Sir! I beg your Pardon, &c. For when he has made his Supposal of that same Graceless Villain, &c. immediately he subjoyns ----- "But what is all this to our Sermon? Nothing

“at all I hope ; but why may not a man be impertinent now and
“then ?

So that I say, all the Venome of the said Libel may be
heal'd by its own self, its own *confessed Impertinence* and
Incongruity.

But lest the *Observator* should be wise in his own Con-
ceit, and puffed up, as thinking and hoping that Mr.
Hickeringill and his Friends will scorn to answer such a *Tri-
bler*, (for he that throws a Stone at every bawling Cur,
shall have work enough) and also because the Author of
the said Sermon (Mr. *Hickeringill*) is so unblameable in his
Life and Conversation, that this Libeller is the first that
ever durst Print (whether they might mutter behind his
Back) any thing against the Uprightness and Integrity of
his Life. Therefore I (that have (as well as you) been in-
timately acquainted with him above thirty years) thought
it my Duty as well as Honour, thus to make his Apo-
logy.

Some Passages of the said Sermon, the *Observator* does
indeed Re-print, but confutes not one word thereof, except
by telling an apparent Falshood pag. 5. concerning *Deborah*,
who (he sayes) was no Sovereign over *Israel*, but a Pro-
phetess, &c. as if he should say) and he might with equal
Truth say it) *David* was no Sovereign over *Israel*, but a
Prophet ; and *Solomon* was no Sovereign over *Israel*, but a
Preacher. The man flings, and kicks, and rails as if he
was gaul'd and wounded, and by that therefore he must
be either a *Papist* or a *Fanatick*, for no other are agriev'd
at that innocent Sermon, and plain and honest Interpre-
tation of the Text ; or else the *Observator* is some envious
and malicious Scribler, whose Spleen as well as Gall over-
flows.

And I am apt to think he is one of this last Character, by
the Care he takes to blast the Reputation of the Author,
as appears by such Expressions as these : (p. 5.) This Gentle-
man

man would engross the Glory (and to the Prejudice of all his Brethren too;) and p. 4. There are many honest Divines (without necessity of including this Gentleman) who are as active Preachers up of Loyalty.

So that the fear left Mr. *Hickeringill* should get a Mono-poly to be the Loyal Preacher, and the Sermon on ---- *Curse ye Meroz*---- a None-such, and so engross all the Glory (and to the prejudice of all his Brethren too) whilst they (good men, if they could tell how) are as active Preachers up of Loyalty. This, this made the Observator in haste call for Pen and Ink, and resolve before People have given in their Verdicts, and before the Term be done, to make Observations enough upon it, to brand it, as guilty, guilty of engrossing the Glory (and to the prejudice of his Brethren too) who are as active Preachers up of Loyalty, and therefore resolv'd to write something if he could, true or false to lessen the Reputation of the Sermon, and its Author.

If I be not much mistaken in this same Observator, this same---As active a Preacher of Loyalty, was in *Oliver's* Time, as active a Preacher up of *Oliver*, and during all the several Vicissitudes and Changes of Government, kept his Fellowship, and in the *Rump's* time was a *Rumper*; in *Oliver's* time for *Oliver*; in Queen *Dick's* time for *Richard*; and in the Committee of *Slavery's* time for them; and in the happy Restauration and Reign of his Majesty, he takes it in Dudgeon, that any man should engross the Glory of a more Loyal Preacher, than this same *Will*. for the King.

He makes me think of the Story Dr. *Fuller* tells of the Vicar of *Bray*, that in *Henry the Eighth's* days was a Papist, in *Edward the Sixth's* Reign a Protestant, in Queen *Mary's* time a Papist, and in Queen *Elizabeth's* time a Protestant again; of all which, when his Parishioners complain'd to him, for making them (and that from the same Pulpit and the same Throat) with several Notes and Tones dance *in*
and

and out in the Church, as if they were (in Religion too) dancing the *Hay*; he answered, good people, whatever were the *Premises*, I always did, and will hold me to this Conclusion, *To live and die Vicar of Bray*.

Such another *Mercury* is (and has been) our *Observator*; with the *Fanaticks* he'll snivle and groan, with the *Church of England* he is as 'Piscopal and as active a *Preacher* up of *Loyalty* as the best of them, and rather than not be the *Fore-horse*, he will with envy burst his *Girdle*, tho' he thereby make himself the *Fore-ass*.

Yes, yes, 'tis he indeed ----- now I look better at him, 'tis he, that some *Vicar of Bray*, (but I spare his name, tho' perhaps I'll pull him out of his lurking-hole e're it be long) I know him by the same old, insipid, phlegmatick style, the same old *Supposals*, *Dilemma's*, and *Venturing-pins*, 'tis some sneaking, peevish, envious and spightful *Black-coat*, (and where shall a man find less good *Nature*, more envy-ing, flandering or undermining of one another, greater *Make-bates* then are some of them, or ----- as the *Sermon* has it, tell me of any *Mischief* *Tumults* or *Rebellion*, that some of these same *Black-coats* have not had a great hand in,) such as think they can never look fair, except they make a *Black-patch* of others, especially of their next *Neighbours*, or such as are near them; and though such sneaking *Rascals* never meddle but to their own shame, yet their envy prompts them on to lying and flandering, tho' in Conclusion they always meddle to their hurt.

And as they are the worst natur'd men, so certainly the most dangerous to the *Peace* and *Quiet* of *Mankind*, they are always finding fault with others, despising others, railing at others, undermining other mens good name, lest they should shine to *eclipse* and benight their *twinckling* *Puny-ships*, conscious of their own *Baseness* and *Demerit*; like the poor *Levellers*, they would pull down their betters, and render them (if they could by any base ways, *false*

false News and lying Pamphlets) as low, that is, as base as themselves.

But all their Attacques are sneaking and cowardly, clandestine and in the dark, still robbing men of their good Names with a Vizard on, for fear of due Chastisement and Discovery, for fear (not of being bely'd and slander'd, the only weapons with which all the Antagonists can assault Mr. *Hickeringill*) but for fear of being expos'd in his own Colours, and then he would look as black as *Vulcan* himself, (or which I dare say he is) the Son of a Blacksmith, That sneak't into the University by lacqueying it to a Gentleman, that got a Degree and a Fellowship by his Dexterity in making (clean) his Tutors Shooes, and Coal-fires, that always thrive by Flattery only, base complyance, and supplanting other men; and therefore since he is such a *Littany*-man, I'll joyn in Prayer with him with some Addition, and conclude him, as he does his lying Pamphlet, with the same or the like *Petitions*---- *From the Kilne that calls the Mill Burnt-Are* : *From all drunken, debauch't, and envious Black-Coats* : *From undermining and supplanting Rascals, and Graceless Villains* : *From Lyers and Slanderers, and the Vicar of Bray* : *From Pulpit-Fools, as well as Pulpit-Enthusiasts* —— *deliver us* —— and let all good English-men say, Amen.

His words p. 5. are ---- "For suppose one that from other places is throughly satisfied, that Subjects are bound to be obedient to, and aid their Princes against all Rebellions, should yet be so dull, as not so clearly to apprehend it, informed by this particnlar Text, because *Deborah* was no Sovereign over *Israel*, but a Prophetess, and acting by an extraordinary Call against Invaders of her Countrey, *Chap. 4. 4.* (Note by the way, if it were her Countrey, then she was Sovereign, and Chief Magistrate of the same.) And so the Notes of our English Bible, (but *E. H.* has declared himself

'himself no Friend to our *English* Bibles) expound
'those words, *she judged Israel*, that is, says the Mar-
'gin, — *by the Spirit of Prophecy*, resolving of Contro-
'versies, and declaring the Will of God. And indeed,
'had she been their Princess, *Barak* had talked very
'sawcily, when he says, *verse 8. If thou wilt go with me,*
'*I will go; but if thou wilt not go, I will not go.* Now
'if the case were so extraordinary, the Consequences
'he draws (though in themselves Positions true and
'warranted by other places of *Holy-Writ*) may yet not
'seem to arise from hence, so necessarily as to qualifie
'it with the ranting Title of *the most Loyal Text* in all
'the Bible.

'*she judged Israel*, — that is, saith the Margin, *by the Spirit of Prophecy.*

I know not what *English* or *Geneva* Bible the *Obser-
vator* has got for his turn, but (except himself) no
man, I dare say, did ever see such a Margin in the Bible,
whether *English* or *Latine, Greek or Hebrew.*

There is no Marginal Notes to *Judg. 4. 4.* but the
Words are these, *And Deborah a Prophetess, the wife of
Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time.*

Oh! but *she had an extraordinary Call thereunto.*

Not so extraordinary (it seems) but *Barak* durst
talk sawcily, or rather familiarly to her; But worse men
than *Barak* did, not only talk sawcily, but act scurvi-
ly and disloyally, as cursed *Meroz*, in the said *Text*;
yet not so sawcily and scurvily, as Rebels in our times
have both talk't and acted against their Sovereigns.

Nor more extraordinary was her Call to the Sov-
reignty, than was all other the Judges in those days;
Moses, and Joshua, and Gideon, Jephthah and Sampson,
Samuel, Saul, and David; for none of them had it by
Succession, but by special Appointment.

Now, except the *Observator* means, that no Subjects are bound to aid their Sovereigns, except their Sovereigns have an extraordinary Call; (no which extraordinary Call of *Deborah* does appear in the Text) and which seems to be the consequence of his Observation, I cannot *Divine* what he would be at, but sure he might as pertinently turn *Augur*, and *observe* the flying of Birds, as *observe* at this extravagant rate.

Besides, to abuse the Reader with an untruth, (in alledging *Marginai Notes* that were never heard of,) is not the first he has told, as I will shew by and by.

But the first Cavil he makes, is against the Author's Veracity and Memory, because he lays ---- That this *Text* was never before insisted on by him at any time: ' yet notwithstanding he finds a Sermon made of it ' by the same Author in *Gregory Father Gray-beard*, ' three or four Octavo pages long: which is an instance that the man was resolv'd to find fault right or wrong, or otherwise he had not at the beginning tyr'd upon so impertinent a Quarry, that he can get so little by, except shame and contempt by all ingenuous men, Does the *Observator* think indeed and indeed that that was a Sermon? And ever Preach't in any Pulpit by Mr. *Hickeringill*? which he confesses was only a little Ryme Burlesque? But such a Trifler is not worth the answering, no more than his *Cavil* against those six Verses in *Greg.* which a far better, but as immodest a Pen as his, answered only, as he does, by giving it as he does (an ill Name) Ryme Doggerel: namely,

*By the Liturgy learn to pray,
So pray, and praise God every Day.*

Tb

*Th' Apostles Creed believe also,
Do as you would be done unto.
Sacraments take as well as you can,
This is the whole Duty of man.*

He is a Stranger in *England* that does not know that *Papists* and *Fanaticks*, *Atheists* and *Debauchee's* are very considerable Parties in the Kingdom; now if no man can be any of these, if he observes *those six verses*, they are certainly the most useful Rymes doggerel that ever were made. Another Untruth we meet with p. 4. where the *Observator* alledges out of the said Sermon—

“That the most *Loyal Text in all the Bible*, is now (like
“a piece of *Apocrypha*) laid aside, antiquated and out of
“Date; which he calls an odd, indeed a lawcy Reflecti-
“on on all the *Loyal Clergy in England*.

This lying Libeller says so, but there is no such Assertion in the whole Sermon: there is indeed a *quare* in the said Sermon in these words --- *shall this Text now (like a piece of Apocrypha) be laid aside, antiquated and out of Date?*

Not asserting it is so, but querying whether it be not so? which, whether it be not a very inoffensive *Quare*? and whether the said *Text* be not very seldom (if at all) insisted upon in these times, I leave to you the ingenuous Reader to judge, craving your Pardon that I should vouchsafe to trouble you with pointing at Mistakes in this same thick-skull'd *Observator*, that to every vulgar Capacity are so obvious; and readily discern'd without this *Index*.

But I must either mind such Untruths or nothing in the whole Libel; for it is but one continued and scurrilous Lye and Slander, a whole Sheet full; from one end to the other.

And therefore I shall take notice of no more, but that for which the whole *Pamphlet* seems to be writ, and that is to cast an Aspersion, very *flyly* though, and by way of *Supposal*, which yet he recants, and retracts immediatly, his own Conscience (if he have any) telling him that it is (as he acknowledges) *impertinent*, and no more to the Reverend man (as he styles) the Author in his first Line, than to the man in the Moon.

Yet p. 4. we are entertain'd, (as indeed all the Entertainments in the whole Pamphlet, and all the Truths therein, are only the Expressions he Re-prints out of the said Sermon) as in these Words — “ But above all that Passage p. 26. (namely of the Sermon) is remarkable — *A Holder-forth may yawl and yawn, snivle and whine, thump and bawl, till his Lungs and his Heart ake, and yet neither make open-hearted nor open-handed their close-fisted Disciples; nay, he shall turn up the white of his Eye, and play as many Tricks as Hocus Pocus at a Fair, and yet not get so much Money at Night as a common and prophane Hocus-* “ This well consider'd as a most enlightning Paragraph; “ are things thus indeed? Well, suppose then there were ever a graceless Villain in a Country, that had first cou-“ sin'd his Tutor of a Fellowship, by gobbling up the Co-“ venant himself, whilst he perswaded the old man, there was Rats-bane in it, that had renounced his Christen-“ dom and been publickly dipt in hopes to thrive among the Anabaptists, that had listed himself in the Rebells Army; and both preach't and fought against his Sov-“ reign, that had afterwards got a Shipboard, and even there kik't for fear of debauching the *Tarpaulins*; after all these Disappointments, and trading being so horri-“ ble dull amongst the Conventiclers, do you imagine such a Fool would not think it high time to change Note & Coat, if it were possible to get into some fatter Pastures

‘ Pastures, and rave and rant to the purpose, to be taken notice of? Yes marry would he, and kiss the Mass-Book most reverently. I’le warrant him, if there were any thing to be got by it.

‘ But what is all this to our Sermon? Nothing at all, I hope; But why may not a man be impertinent now and then?

Pretty heart! take breath after all this impertinence.

But if he means (or else he means nothing by this Impertinence) to reflect upon, or calumniate the Author of the Sermon on — *Curse ye Meroz*; I’le give this plain and true, short and yet full Narrative of Mr. *Hickeringill’s* Life; which had been as needless, as foolish and impertinent, as his idle Supposal, if the Observator’s Impudence and falsehood had not given this just Provocation, and occasion to this Vindication.

I have known Mr. *Hickeringill* since first he came to the University of *Cambridge*, where he was admitted *Pensioner* in *St. John’s* Colledge at fourteen years of Age; he got not, nor possibly could get his *Tutor’s Fellowship*, for he was made Fellow of *Gonville and Caius* Colledge, when he was eighteen years of Age, and junior Bachelor, *Anno Domini 1650*. He never swallowed nor gobbled up the Covenant in his Life, not but that perhaps he might have had stomach enough to it, but it was off the Stage before he came on; yet both he and the whole University were (sufficiently) of Fanatical, Rebellious, Anabaptistical and Factious Principles and Practises, as all men living are (in their Infancy) of that Religion alone in which they are educated; and he when he was a child, did as a child, nay, as wiser men than he did; and if he had been educated at *Rome* or *Constantinople*, in the National Religion there profess’d,

he

he had also certainly been a *Papist* or *Mahometan* without a *Miracle*.

Thus *St. Paul* by Education became a Jewish zealous ; *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Beza*, and our Fore-fathers, all *Papists* : upon better Information they became *Protestants*, as *St. Paul*, a *Christian* : The Devil and Devillish men rag'd, and call'd them *Apostates*, but the *Saints* said, *He that persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the Gospel, and they glorified God in me*, saith *St. Paul* ; they did not rail, rage, upbraid, and calumniate, as Devillish men do : The Strength, the Spirit and Activity (with which God and Nature had blest *Mr. Hickerling*), inclin'd him to a *Military*, rather than a *Colledge*-life ; he therefore visiting the *English Army*, (and some of his nearest Relations) in *Scotland*, first accepted of a *Commission* to be a *Lieutenant* ; but after some few years he resolv'd to see the Wars in Foreign Countreys, none whereof was then so famous, as the Wars of *Carolus Gustavus*, King of *Swede*, whose Fame perswaded him to accept a Captains *Commission* in Major-General *Fleetwood*'s *Regiment*, then *Swedish Ambassador* in *England* : carrying six score brave *English-men* to the *Swede*'s Service ; where he continued till the Peace concluded between the *Swede* and *Dane*, when he return'd to his Native Country in *York-shire*, where he rais'd his Company, and soon after was Captain of a Troop of *Volunteer-Horse* that rise under the Lord *Fairfax* and Duke of *Buckingham*, declaring for a *Free-Parliament*, the happy Prologue to His Majesties Restauration. After that, he had the Command of a *Man of war* under the King of *Portugal*, as he formerly had been Commander of the *North Star*, a *Man of war*, under the *Swedes* King ; afterwards, his desire of Travel, and seeing Foreign Countries, made him visit the *Indies*, *Surinam*, *Barbadoes*, *St.*

St. Christophers, Jamaica, &c. from which last-mentioned Island, he brought the Governor *Doyly's* Letters to His Majesty and Duke of *Albemarle*, with a *Map* of the Country, and *Description* of that Island, which he Printed and dedicated to His Majesty. And having rambled enough, (by the Bishop of *Lincolne*, Dr. *Saunderson*) he was both perswaded to be (and made) a Priest, and his first Preferment Eighteen years ago (was what he now enjoys) the Rectory of *All Saints* in *Colchester*; a place that perhaps has more than any other exercised his Patience, and other Virtues; they that know *Fanaticks*, *they that know the men and their Communication*, must believe that a man of his Integrity, Loyalty, and plain dealing must meet with Calumnies and Opposition enough; he was indicted for a *Common-swearer*, and perhaps may be indicted for a *Common-Barretor*, and what not? But for a *Common-swearer* he stands now *convict* in the High-Court of *Chancery*, and that never a word comes out of his Mouth, but an Oath comes out, attested and sworn by three *Colchester* men; and yet it is as certain and commonly known for an undoubted Truth, that he never swore a rash Oath in all his Life time, or ever took the Sacred name of God in vain, which scarce one man in *Colchester* can say, except himself, and yet he is the *only man* that stands *convict* as aforesaid for a *Common-swearer*; but 'tis his Portion, Innocence, *the most sacred Innocence* and Integrity is no Fence or Skreen against Malice. But that he should by *Flattery* or baser means hunt after Preferment, is so fenceless a Calumny against the Plainness and Austerity of his Conversation, (even unto Morosity,) (as some construe it) is a Supposal so ridiculously suggested, that none can believe it that knows him; and that *large and plentiful* Temporal Estate of *Inheritance*, that God has

bleſſ

blest him with above all or any of his Neighbor-Ministers : and how smilingly, careless, and unconcern'd he is at the foolish and malicious Attempts of his Adversaries, which hitherto has always ended in their own Shame and Confusion. And why may not a man that was a Soldier in his juvenile years, accept of an Ecclesiastical Office, and be a Clergyman in his graver Hours, and when he has sown his wild Oats, rather than bring them up into the Pulpit with him ?

St. *Ambrose* was first Governor, then Bishop of the same City ; St. *Peter* was a Fisherman and then a *Divine*, and after that followed the old Fishing trade still. St. *Paul* was a Weaver and a Taylor, (for a Tent-maker implied both these Trades) and then a *Divine*; and whilst he was so, he sometimes fell to his Needle and Shuttle again.

Here's a Doe with what men have been ; certainly, if every man's Faults were exposed and writ in their Foreheads, few men would look with any better Complexion than this so slander'd Author. And certainly, if Mr. *Hickeringill* had still been a Fanatick, he had been cry'd up as much for a *precious godly Man*, as any *Spiritual Pick-pocket* amongst the Crew ; and as much as the *Noysse-Makers* now cry him down for a Villain.

Methinks I see how zealously and devoutly those holy Juglers rate and set on their silly Votaries to bawl and bark against the Author of that Sermon, that discovers and bewrays the *Craft by which they get their wealth*, when they see that almost the *Hopes of their Gain is gone*. And if his Sermon and Comment on that darling Text of *Curse ye Meroz* --which has done such Feats, had been *Stylo retete*, interpreted against all *sense, Reason, Religion*, or the *Context*, not a Conventicle in the Nation, but by this time had made Bonfires for Joy of that, which

which (as now it is) they would gladly make a Bonfire on, and another of him, if they had their Wills. But let them proceed as far and as fast as their *old Father* drives them, *He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision.*

Nor could they readily have had a man to be the object of Fanatick-wrath, who is more cheerfully Armour of Proof (by long and large Experience) against it, than he: for the more they have rag'd and ray'd, slander'd and calumniated, fretted and fum'd, Almighty God has blest him the more with Mercies both of the right hand and the left, having given him so many comfortable and promising Heirs for his Estate, and so comfortable and plentiful an Estate for his Heirs; whilst his Adversaries grin and rail, snarl and shew their Teeth, and pine away.

In a little time it will be no *Apocrypha*, that *Truth is strongest, and no weapon formed against it shall prosper.*

Indeed the silly *Observator* nibbles, p. 6. at that Passage in the Sermon, p. 17. (namely) *That all mens Faith must bottom upon some Humane Authority or other.*

The Sermon does not assert, that the *Top and Bottom* of all mens Faith is Humane Authority; for the *Top* of a mans Faith is the *Grace of God*. So p. 19. of *Curse ye Meroz*—you find these words—*Through the Grace of God enabling us to believe, what such good men and true did deposite upon their own knowledge; Faith is the Life of a Christian, &c.* And p. 17. *All true Faith is the Gift of God, as all other Gifts and Graces are, for without Gods special Grace no man can believe the truest Humane Authority or Church upon Earth to be true.*

Now where was the *Observator's* Eyes that he could not see those Passages of the Sermon, and where was his honesty to expose some bit of the Sermon, without what

went before and after ; and then too not to have one word to say by way of Answer, but only holding up his hands, and falling to his Prayers, and *wishes that the Parliament might sit as soon as may be, to authorize the Bible by an Act, and furnish People with Bottoms of Faith.*

If the Observator was not very illiterate in the Laws of the Land, he might find Acts of Parliament enow, (before he was born, and almost as old as *Paul's*, for *England* was the first Christian Kingdom) to make the Bible *Canonical*, and to furnish People with *Bottoms of Faith.*

For though the Holy Bible was and is the Word of God, though never a King or Parliament had told us so, yet it does not become *Canonical*, (that is, a *Canon*, or Law to Subjects) till it be commanded by Lawful Authority ; and therefore our Holy Bible is not only the Word of God, and so Sacred, but also the Law of the Land, and so *Canonical* ; and all the Laws of the Land, lawfully made, and by lawful Authority, are also the Laws of God, to which we ought to submit, *not only for wrath, but also for conscience-sake.*

And then where would there be place for Mutinies and Rebellions, for the Spirit of Popery or Spirit of Foppery ? This makes that Devil rage at Mr. *Hicker-ingill*, having *great wrath*, because *his time is short* : but to attaque or answer him or his Sermon only with Calumnies, Lies, and Slanders. Is this *Scholar-like, Man-like, or Christian-like* ?

Truth is Truth, whoever proclaims it, and 'tis a base Requital of Ingenuous men, only to load them with false Invectives, and Hatred instead of good Will ; such Returns will make men of more than Vulgar Learning and Attainments, say, with the Popish Cardinal, — *Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur* : If the Pople have

a mind to be blockish, so let them continue, for all me.

Yet the *Observator* seems to be in great trouble of mind that the Sermon should p. 38. call the *English* (*the most Generous and ingenuous Nation* (ah, *Sycophant!*) *in the world*) *the blockish English*.

Was it not *greatly done* of our little *Observer*, to reflect so severely upon that innocent Passage in the Sermon — *The most loyal Text in all the Bible*. Whereupon he very gravely observes, p. 4. in these words — *Comparisons are generally odious, especially when between things incomparable*.

Why? Are they so indeed, Beloved? Some of the *blockish English* (that are not so concern'd to lessen the Reputation of the Author or his Sermon,) would have past by so innocent a Passage, and never have *knit their brows at it*, nor yet have mark'd it with so sharp-pointed an *Asterism*.

Whilst you live, *look to your hits*, and place your words in order, when you come *within ken* of a little *Observer*.

Such a Fool was I, that I had thought a man might be very innocent, though he had said (by way of comparison) more Spiritual knowledg and comfort is to be had from the New Testament than the Old, and from some Texts and Verses therein than from other, and from the latter end of the first Chapter of St. *Matthew*, than from the middle or beginning, and yet the Holy Bible is *Incomparable* (that is) above all other Books, but not when compar'd within its self. I never, till now, knew where or how much St. *Paul* was a Sinner, and to be blam'd (by the *Observator*) for saying — (I thought harmleſſly) *1 Cor. 15.10. I labor'd more abundantly than they all: namely, All the Apostles.*

Happy St. Paul, that never met with such an *Observator* amongst all the *Corinthians*! that had a Design to lessen the Reputation of him and his Writings ; if he had, how might they have descended upon him, in the words of our *Observator*. Comparisons (Paul) are generally odious, specially when between things incomparable.

Surely the *Corinthians* were very *blockish Corinthians*, that could not spy faults, at least, not so ill natur'd and malicious as our *Observator*, and willing to spy faults, and expose them, to lessen mens Reputation : or else our *Observator* is as *blockish* as *envious*, to make such severe Observations upon so innocent an Expression; and more *blockish* to imagine, that any of the *Generous and ingenuous English* can be such *blockish English* as not to see that, whilst the *Observator* is so trivially and keenly busie to lessen the Reputation of Mr. *Hickeringill*. He has only thereby lessen'd his own (if ever he had any) amongst the *generous and ingenuous English*, at least.

This Trifler is, (I say) like *Mercury* in the Planets, good with the good, and bad with the bad ; sometimes he cokes's the *Clergy*, sometimes the *Fanaticks*, as p. 7. because Mr. *Hickeringill* says, p. 23. *If there was not a Papist in England, yet they would fright the People with fears of Popery.* —

Now, for my part, such a plain *blockish Englishman* was I, that I could not spy where the Mischief, or the Popery lay in that harmless and true Expression. — But comes me our *Observator*, and very gravely and formally, (as he never opens, but he makes up his Mouth in *Mood* and *Figure*) nay, you 'scape well, if he does not gore you with one or other of his *dilemma's*, a keen tool, with w^{ch} (just such another, *w.S.* gall'd him that writ concerning the *Contempt of the Clergy*) sagely observing, That — *This Aphorism is but borrowed from another Brother of the Quill.* — Now,

Now if the *Observator* had not a mischievous Design to spoil Mr. *Hickeringill's* Credit for ever borrowing any more, he need not have told every Body how much he was indebted and did *borrow* of a Brother of the *Quill*—

But, (*dear Sir*) why may not one Brother borrow of another, but that the *Observator* must be concern'd? I dare say, that neither of the said Brothers of the *Quill*, (nor are there any other Brothers of the *Quill* in *England*) but would make shift with their own Pittance and scanty Store, rather than go a *borrowing* to our *little Observator*; and if they should, he would tell all he met, and lessen their Credit, spoil them for ever borrowing any more.

But as honest and Loyal Hearts may joyn, so good Wits may jump, as well as bad ones; and if so, then (though the *Observator* would seem to tell Tales out of School) 'tis but a Tale, and a Story of his own making, like all the rest of the *sham's* he would gladly put upon the Author of that Sermon, with Design to make them both odious; but such a Rayler will but be the black-patch to—*Curse ye Meroz*. And most People think that the Author has hired this *Zany* to set him off with greater Lustre; and provoke him or his Friends to a Vindication of himself and his Sermon, both which (but that Comparisons are odious, except when a mans Credit and Reputation lyes at stake) may possibly appear in good time, as innocent, polite, unblemish'd and unreprovable, as any other of his Coat; let Lyers and Slanderers vent their utmost Gall and Bitterness; our blessed *saviour*, the holy *Apostles*, pious *King Charles*, the greatest Innocence cannot escape them.

Nor can the worst of the Authors Adversaries be able to prove in any the worst Instances of his whole life, that any Infirmitiy, Sin or Temptation has befallen him, but

but such as is *common to all men*, to all men, to the best of men, and common to the times wherein he was educated: which if so, the *graceless Villain* has as good Company as any in *England*, which is more than modestly should ever have been said, except on this Occasion, when vile men (not for the Evil he has done, nor because he was bred up a Fanatick and in fanatical times, but because he and the times are not still so, and therefore) would render him odious and contemptible above others, because above others he does so sharply take away their Weapons, (in such a beloved Text,) that has done great Service, and more than ever it will do again; thanks to the Book called *Fides Divina*, (says the Observator) but let who will go away with the Thanks, I dare say, Mr. *Hickerin gilt* has as much Thanks for his great Pains, as he cares for, or needs, or did, or could expect from the *Blockish English*.

And now I am quite tired with this *Observator*, and weary with having to do with such an impertinent, (as he justly stiles himself,) happy both you and I if we could say with a safe Conscience, we had done with him; (*this Aphorisme also was borrowed from another Brother of the Quil.*) But his sharpest Thrust is yet behind, and if that can be put by, I hope he is foyl'd.

Observe his Observation p. 7. — “ A Frighr is a scury vy thing, and therefore there are some that would have the most frightful and notorious Popish Treasons hush't up, and go Scotfree, rather than fright People with Fears of Popery.

What cannot a *Schollard* do and an *Observator*? He shall make you white, black; and black, white; 'tis such a *Proteus* and a *Changeling*, and would have all others so.

In this same 7. page, he makes the Author *kiss the Mass-book*, and then (by Consequence he is) a *graceless Villain*

Villain; but here he hooks and draws him to be guilty of the Plot, *the Popish Plot*, at least Misprision of Treason, a Concealer, and one that designs to have the most frightful and notorious Treasons hush't up and go Scot-free.

This is a deadly Thrust; well, I see there's no escaping him, the man has discover'd *Gall* in his Ink already against the *Author*, but here he mingles it with *Blood*; open him, and I'll lay an even Wager, there's Blood in the very Heart of him, but 'tis insipid, and without Salt.

I think he has fairly observ'd and observ'd, till at last he has observ'd (instead of the old *Presbyterian Plot*) a plain *Popish Plot* in—*Curse ye Meroz*.

And I suppose in his next Observations (for tell him I expect them, but I fear his Tapplash wants tilting, and is drawn dry) the next News (I suppose) he chearfully intends to tell you, and also observe when and where this graceless Villain was hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd and that *Jezebel*-like, when *Naboth* is dead, he is (what he gapes for) his *Successor in the Vineyard*.

Well then, so let it go, dye men must, and as good at first as at last, rather than an *Observator* of so much Merit should be disappointed. There's Difficulty in making escape, the Judges (nay better men than Judges) cannot escape the Lash of such *Jezebel's*, if they do not drive as furiously, (as these men) like mad; “*They also would have the most frightful and notorious Popish Treasons hush't up, and go Scot-free*; They, even *Privy-Counsellors*, some have sworn it.

Ay, but the said Sermon was indeed to some purpose brisk against the Spirit of *Popery*, but was not this all Umbrage and Color, and though not discernable by the *Blockish English*, yet comes me the *Eagle-ey'd Observator*, and anatomizing it without Fear or Wit, most cruelly rips it up, and taking out his *Jack in a Box*, pores into't

into't with his two Eyes, and spyes Treason, a Popish Plot, at least a Design of hushing it up, and that's Misprision of Treason.

Some there are too that have declared that *Oliver Cromwell* and his Army that invaded *Scotland Anno 1650* were bejesuited and influenc't by the *Pope and Papists* to that March and War. Mr. *Love* that zealous Presbyterian and Mr. *Gibbons* (that were beheaded on *Tower-Hill* for prosecuting the ends of the *Solemn League and Covenant*, by the *Rump-Parliament*, who all of them had taken that solemn Oath and Covenant) tells us thus much in their dying Words. See Mr. *Love's* clear and necessary Vindication written by himself, p. 33. His Words are — ‘But *Cromwel* (through the Counsel of the *Pope, King of Spain and the Jesuits*) had rather fight ‘with the Protestant-covenanting Party, than with the ‘Rebels of *Ireland*. By this means most grievous and ‘burthensome Taxes are continued and increased. I ‘shall mention one thing which to the vulgar may seem ‘incredible, viz. That the *Juncto* (meaning the *Rump*) ‘at *Westminster* have (by the Excise, Customs, Seque-‘strations and Taxes) received more Money in one year ‘than all the Kings of *England*, put them all together ‘since the Conquest, did raise upon their Subjects for ‘such a space of time, yet the Kings called Oppressors, ‘and these called Saints, &c. And so on at a great Rate, ‘making them all Sons of the Whore of *Babylon*.

And in Mr. *Gibbon's* Speech upon the Scaffold I find these Words Printed with the said clear Vindication. --- ‘But yet a more joyful sight do the Eyes of Antichrist ‘behold, such an one (I dare say) as he never saw in ‘*England* before, that is, a most faithful Minister and ‘blessed Servant of God (meaning the said Mr. *Love*) ‘put to Death by Protestants, and such as call themselves the

the most Pious, Religious People upon Earth. Next to him, I am brought upon the Stage to encounter with Death, and fight the bloody Battel; the Lord knows how many may follow. I pray, that I may be the last. But is not *Joab's* hand in this? Are not the hands of *Papists and Jesuits* in all this? I need bring no Arguments to perswade you to believe it; I think, very few but are convinced, that they both sit *at the Stern*, and are the *chiefest Actors, &c.*

So that in all our Age, all Rebels and Designers of Innovation, have made *Popery, Jesuitism, Popish-Plot*, and *Popishly affected*, to be the *Common Bear-skin* to clap upon any man or Party they had a mind to worry.

Thus all the Cavaliers and the *Royal Party* were made to be all *Papists*, or, (which will equally do the Feat) *Popishly affected*; and when they had thus arrayed them in every Church and Market, they clapt their hands, and cryed *Hallou*, setting the People on them; and this did their Business, and made the *Presbyterians* Rampant, till the *Independents* with the same Stratagem pull'd them down, making the People believe, that between the Equivocating, Covenanting, Make-bate, Rebellious Presbyterian, and the Equivocating, Covenanting, Make-bate, Rebellious Jesuit, there went but a Pair of Sheers; whilst the *Presbyterians* echo'd the same scolding *Cramp-word* into their Teeth again, saying, all the *Fry* of Sectaries and *Independents* were but the *Spawn of Popery*, and that they are all Sons of the Whore of *Rome*. And a *notable man* tells us (and I believe he'l take *his Oath upon't too*) that *Lambert* has been a *Papist*, I know not how many years, and that there are *Jesuits* and *Papists* in all the *Conventicles* and *Field-meetings* in *England* and *Scotland*, that craftily stir up the People to *Discontent, Mutiny and Tumult*; Prologueing their *Popish-Plot*

with encouraging them to *despise Dominion, and speak Evil of Dignities*: And whether this *Observator* be not also set on to lye, rail, and find Fault with so innocent a Sermon, and it's Author, that only detects such Jesuitical and Fanatical Plots is a fit *Quere*; and though he dare not shew his Head, I doubt not but I shall prove e're long, he is *è Societate Jesu*.

And if so, I think he has observ'd, and observ'd at a fine Rate, till he himself is observ'd, and Popishly-suspected, if not Popishly-affected; This 'tis, to bring the old House over his own Head: and who will be the *Graceless Villain* then? But since we are got into the supposing Vein, for once I'll suppose another graceless Villain, who hath also less *Wit* than *Grace*, that was basely *bred*, and worse *born*, being the Son of a Black-smith, and kept at School by the Alms of the Parish, whose chiefest Qualification for admittance in the *University* was his Dexterity in wiping his Fellow-Commoners shoos, and his best Accomplishment to capacitate him for a Degree, his dexterity in making Coal-fires, that got a Fellowship amongst the Jesuits, by the Tuneableness of his Throat in crying *Adsum*, and the glib Voracity of it, in swallowing all the Oaths that came to hand, whose Lust lost him his Fellowship, in exchange for an *over-worn Widow*, and got a Vicaridge by the Symony of Flattery, and by the same Methods of back-biting, lying and slandering, still keeps himself in plight to write Observations, to lessen the Reputation of his Betters, &c. Nay, if he be for Supposals, I'le fit him in my next, for at present I am quite tired with thinking thus long upon this *Thred-bare Levite*, that would *wheedle* himself into some Reputation, by making himself a *Kin* to the Author, as if they were *both of a Tribe* (forsooth,) *The Tribe of Levi*, p. 7.

The *Author*, on all accounts, but more especially for his sake, disclaims the Kindred, and the whole Jewish Tribe : if he were in *Spain*, this his Folly, as well as Ambition, would bring him into the Inquisition : But in *England* the Clergy are all of them *as much* (and some of them *much more*) of the Tribe of *Simeon* rather than *Levi*.

Could any, without *impudent Cavil and Forgery* say, as the *Observator* does, p. 3. That *All, and every bit of the said Sermon that is worth reading, is Printed before in three or four octavo pages, by N. Brook, with very small variation of words, from that preach'd at Guild-hall?*

'Tis very strange then there should be such a pother about the latter, if it only contain three or four octavo pages, and most of them too *Ryme Burlesque* ? as he calls it.

The *Author* does not say, he *never read* the Verse before, or *never spoke a word of it* before, but *never preach'd* upon it before; for, *insisting upon a Text in a Pulpit*, is certainly all one with *preaching* upon it.

No doubt but multitudes have found out the true meaning of that Text before we were born, there's more wonder any man should miss of the meaning thereof, than not find it. The *Author* does not in the least recommend himself as the *first*, or *only* Finder and Discoverer; but humbly supposes that other men (besides *Columbus*) may Trade in the *Indies*. How fearful the *Observator* is, lest the *Author* should get any *Reputation* by the said Sermon, how *early and carefully* does he bestir himself to lessen it ?

But if he knew the *Author's* temper, as well as I know it, he should not need thus to afflict himself : The *Author* never daign'd to stoop to such Methods and Arts which some men take to be the *Common Road to Pre-*

ferment, but leaves them to *supple pick-thanks*, Dissemblers, Symorists, and Flatterers, whilst the Author thinks he *scapes fair*, if great men do him no *mischief*, no *wrong*, no *Injustice*; further *Favour* he never did, nor, I dare say, ever will crave; but had always rather have gone ten miles another way, than meet any Great man, and Lordly. *Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos.*

Preferment is only for men of more *pliant, suppliant*, cringing and crouching Arts, and great Aims and Abilities; why should men trouble their Heads with him, that troubles his Head with no man in particular, but only studies the quiet of himself and Mankind, if they would take his Advice.

But hereafter, who (that's *wise*) will trouble himself with the Rabble? Is this the Reception, this the Entertainment and Encouragement? Then, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* I say again, let them run as fast as they have a mind, to their Ruine, Mutiny, Tumult, and Destruction: Let them run and be hang'd, and let the Spiritual *Free-booters* in the mean time *wheedle* the Cox-combs, and *pick their Pockets*, till they leave them as empty as their *pates*. Here's a do with a pack of sneaking *Vaux's*, *Observators* and *Dark-lanthorn-men*, under-miners of mens *Reputations*; nay, 'tis a baser Employ than *Vaux's*, in one sense, namely, insomuch as a man's Reputation is and ought to be dearer to him than his Life: These same Slanderers, amongst the *Lydians* were adjudged *Felons*, and punished with Death, as Murtherers of mens Names and good Fame.

And *justly*, for they make thousands to hate a man mortally, and to Death, whom yet possibly they never saw, but in the false and ugly colours they pourtray him, nor ever knew any harm *in* him, or *by* him, of their own Knowledge.

But

But, you'll say, none but Knaves and Fools will judge and condemn when they hear but of one Ear, when they hear the Plaint only, much less hate a man they never knew, nor saw no hurt in; but only by Fame, which is commonly a Lyar.

I grant it; But, is not the World well stock't with *Knaves and Fools*, and *England* with *Blockish English* enow? *Facile credimus quæ volumus*; if any man, (how worthy, how innocent soever,) do but speak against or thwart our darling Lusts, or beloved Opinions and darling Sins, we are apt to believe the worst of such an one that Malice can forge and invent.

Thus it was of old, the old *Ciy* was— *Away with such a Fellow from the Earth, for it is not fit that he should live*; when perhaps the most of the People knew not *for what, nor wherefore they were met together*.

Thus the Observator rayles and lyes, without the least colour or resemblance of Truth; for how is it possible a man can by any Stratagem get his *Tutor's Fellowship*, except he be *Fellow of the same Colledge* where he had a *Tutor*? or how is it probable that the *Tarpan-lins* should be so *All-Derout* upon the sudden, that they should kick their Captain from aboard, lest he should tempt them to Debauchery with a Dram of the Bottle?

For the aforesaid *Graceless Villain* was never at Sea since he was a Clergy-man, but once (sixteen or seventeen years ago) when the late Reverend Father in God *Gilbert Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury*, with great Importunity, prevail'd with him, and overperswaded him to accept of the Honourable Employment of Chaplain at Sea to his Highness Prince *Rupert*, contrary to the mind and Petitions, and Endeavours of the Parishoners of *All-Hallows-Barking, Tower-Hill, London*; where the said *Graceless Villain* was *Lecturer*; many Boats-full of the chief Pa-

Parishoners, rowing to *Lambeth* to beg of the Arch-bishop, that Mr. *Hickeringill* their *Lecturer* might not be taken from them; but not prevailing, they promis'd, (and perform'd faithfully) never to chuse a *Lecturer* till he return'd, but hire one from *Sunday to Sunder* where they could; and his Return was sooner than any of them did expect, he *voluntarily* and with *much a Doe*, got Leave to leave that honourable Employ, chiefly, because the *Tarpaulins* were so irreclaimably debaucht.

Some People then of the most eminent *City of England*, and all the most eminent of that famous Parish of the *City*, were many years ago, as well as the said Arch-bishop, *enamour'd* with that same *Graceless Villain*; and yet knew all the Passages of his Life, a thousand times better than the *lying Observator*; I scorn to write any thing but what is Truth to a Tittle.

And the Author had (in all Probability) been *Lecturer* there at *this day*, (for he is no *Starter*, nor *Shifter*, nor *Swapper of Livings*) but for *one peevish old man*, whose name I spare at present, because he is dead and gone: the Bishops have hinder'd Mr. *Hickeringill*, but they never further'd him in their Lives, nor ever will, I dare say; plain Dealing is a Jewel, but it prefers no man, tho' it beggers many. 'Tis Justice (not Favour) that is requir'd for a man in Mr. *Hickeringill's* Circumstances, and they wrong him that gives him less; and if they do, he knows how to right himself upon them.

What? Cannot a man be *naturally of a chearful ruddy Complexion*, but he must be forthwith proclaim'd—
Debaucht? Cannot a man be *merry and wise*? Can no man be *religious*, but he that *interferes Sighs and Groans with his Words, and disfigures his Face and Voice with Snivels and Tones*? that he may *appear unto men to be devout, precise, and religious*? A Religion unworthy
 the

the *Author*, and fit only for a *Spleenatnick* and *Hypocritical Observator*, who would make every man a *Pulpit-Droll*, that puts a *little more Wit* in a Sermon, than he is guilty of, though but just as much as should keep up Attention, and keep men from sleeping.

But, Why should *observing Black Coats* endeavour thus to lessen any mans Reputation, especially of their Brethren, when there are enow to pick Holes in the Coats of all of them, though there be none? Where is the *Wisdom*, the *Prudence*, the *Religion* of it the while? I see a *mans chief Enemies* (as our *Saviour* says) *shall be them of his own Household*, of his own Coat, of his own Neighbourhood.

But let the *Observator* proceed, (I cannot bid him—*God-speed* in such an unchristian, unmanly, Junscholar-like, uncharitable, lying and slandering Attempt, but) let him go on, and if in Conclusion he comes off boasting of his *Gettings*, he is *the first man* that did so, that either here or beyond Sea *ever grapell'd* with that same *graceless Villain* he so calumniates, and falsely reviles; creeping *behind the Loyter*, and dare not show his Head, nor justifie his Words; whereas my Bookseller has Order to make known my Name on just Occasion, if the Truth of any Word in this Reply be lawfully question'd, 'tis due Modesty, not Fear that conceals it now.

And whereas the *Observer* says, that the *Author* was of Anabaptistical Principles, I dare say, it is true, and the only Truth in all his Observations; and every man has Ground enough from the Letter of Scripture, to be either *Pro* or *Con*, so that till the Restauration of our Laws in his Majesties happy Restauration to his Rights, in the sole executive Power of the Laws, and the Settlement of the Church by Act of Parliament, any man might be an Anabaptist without Sin: For as the *Learned Dr.*

Saun-

Saunderson, de Sabbatho, in his Cases of Conscience, well does distinguish betwixt *Jus Divinum positivum*, and *Jus Humanum Ecclesiasticum*: of the first Divine Right, and strict sense, namely, things that are enjoyned by the express Commandment of God in his Holy Word, or may be deduced therefrom by *necessary, evident, and demonstrative illation*; there are not many things *de Jure Divino* under the New Testament.

But for Divine Ecclesiastical Right, it sufficeth that it may be by Humane Discourse upon Reasons of Congruity *probably deduced* from the Word of God, as a thing most convenient to be observed by all such as desire unfeignedly to order their wayes according to God's Holy Will.

This Distinction of *Jus Divinum* is to be observed the rather, because it may be of very good Use (if rightly understood and applied.)

1. For cutting off the most material Instances, which are usually brought by the *Romish* Party, for the maintenance of their unwritten Traditions.
2. For the clearing of some, and the silencing of other some Controversies in the Church, which are disputed *pro* and *con*, with much heat, as, *viz.* concerning,
 1. The Government of the Church by Bishops.
 2. The Distinction of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.
 3. The Exercise of Ecclesiastical Censures, as Suspension, Excommunication, &c.
 4. The Building and Consecrating of Churches for the Service of God.
 5. The assembling of Synods, upon needful occasions, for the maintenance of the Truth, and for the settling of Church-Affairs.
6. The

6. The forbidding of Marriages to be made within certain degrees of Consanguinity and Affinity.
7. The *Baptizing of Infants*.
8. The maintenance of the Clergy by the Tythes of the People, and sundry other things.

None of all which, to my understanding (saith that Learned and Good Bishop of *Lincoln*) seem to be *de Jure Divino*, in that first and proper sense, but yet all, or most of them to be *de Jure Divino* in this latter and larger signification.

So that in the Judgment of this (I would say *unparallel'd* Bishop, but that *Comparisons are generally odious, especially about things and men incomparable*) these latter are *Moot-cases*, and onely in *Abeyance*, and in *nubibus*, till the Law decides them, and *turns the Scales*; till then they are in *equilibrio* and *suspence*; and a man may be a good Christian, and go to Heaven, and believe *either way*, or *neither way*, either *any of them*, or *none of them*.

And this, Mr. *Observator*, I dare say, the Author will be ready to vindicate against you, or any of your *Jewish Tribe of Levi*. *And why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but considerest not the Beam that is in thy own Eye?*

The man from first to last, it seems, stares all the Sermon over, to spy faults, or any thing that looks but faulty, by his dis-joynting it from the rest of the Sentence, to lessen the Reputation (as he us'd to phrase it) of the Sermon and the Author; and therefore tells the most Generous and Ingenuous Nation in the World, that there's a Plot, a Popish Plot, or a Plot by one that would (as he phrases it page 7.) kiss the Mass-book, and all against their Generosity and Ingenuity, and make them *Blockish English*.

Sure the *Observator* has got the Sermon printed for his own turn, for that printed for *J. Williams* has not one word in it of a Plot against Generous and Ingenuous *English*; but onely those *English* that were gull'd, (that surely was not all the *English*); nor any part of the *English* that were either generous or ingenuous, but onely such blockish *English*, as in spight of all Sence, Grammar, and the Context, by wresting the plain and easie sence thereof, were gull'd to their destruction; these are the very words of the Sermon.

And is not this *Observator* also a keen *Sophister*, to impose upon men that in *sensu diviso*, which is and ought to be taken in *sensu composito*? to pick out a word and a scrap of a Sentence, here and there, and then expose it, not in its own colours, but even what he is pleased to bedaub it with; and whether this be like a Member of the most *Ingenuous and Generous English Nation*, or more like the *Knavish and Blockish English*, judge you.

Has he not cause to wish in all haste that the Parliament might sit, to make *Bottoms* for *Ingenuity*, Truth and Honesty, as well as *Bottoms* for his *Faith*; for by his Discourse, his Honesty as well as his *Faith* is bottomless, I having been searching for a little of either of them, either Honesty or *Faith*, and cannot yet find a Bit; (sure then it is so, his *Honesty* and *Faith* is bottomless).

I wish he would read *St. Austin*, and he'll tell him, his *Faith* was not bottomless, but bottom'd on Humane Authority; nay, saith he, I would not believe, nor had not believ'd the *Scriptures*, but for the *Church* that handed them to him, of which *Church* he had a good opinion.

The bottom of a mans *Faith* must be either *private* or *publick*; if *private*, then his own or *other mens private*

Dreams, Fancies, Madness and Enthusiasms may as well be obtruded under Pretence of Divine Testimony, for ought any man knows to the contrary, excepting only where there is supernatural and miraculous Revelation (in the case) to convince others, as was in the Apostles. Nay, at this day, if there should come an Angel from Heaven, or a Worker of Wonders, endeavouring to stagger or alter the Faith held out unto us by the holy Scriptures, infallibly as they are interpreted to us by the Laws of the Land, and by them only, the Lord our God does it to prove us, as *Moses* said, and we are not to believe him or them, contrary to our said Laws; much less should we believe the Comment and Interpretation of every Jugler, that cannot work any one Miracle, and is so far from the *Gift of Tongues*, that he has scarce *one Tongue* that can speak *Sense* or good *English*, though he may, like other *Hocus's*, speak *hard Words*, and *new Words*, or instead of old *Jingo, Tanutus, &c.* cries *Incomes, Outgoings, &c.* which are indeed *Nothingnesses*.

For all men that believe, either believe with or without Reason; either they do know, or they do not know wherefore.

He that believes and knows not wherefore, is an *Ass* or a *Beast*, not a man; at least, a very silly man with a bottomless Faith, like our *Observator*, and then at best, is but an Enthusiast or Dreamer, a Fanatick or Frantick, *alias* a Madman, and knows not why nor wherefore he thinks so and so; and no man in *England* can have a certain humane Authority to trust to, but only our sacred *Laws*.

The Church of *England* and People of *England* are (or should be) one and the same, of and over which, under God and Christ, the *King* (in the *executive Power*) and the *King and Parliament* (in the *Legislative*

Power) is the Head ; and all Canons and Laws that are not confirmed by Acts of Parliament are not Canons nor Rules to an *English* Christian, nor bottoms of any godly and wise *English*-mans Faith or Works.

And People for want of being thus truly taught, are led to follow blindly a Stranger, whose own the Sheep are not ; as the *English* Papists who have nothing to do with the Laws of another Country, another Bishop or Potentate, nor can never be True and Loyal Subjects whilst they think themselves under such an Obligation.

Neither can a Fanatick be a Loyal Subject and a good Christian, if he thinks he may without Sin transgress and disobey the Laws of the Land ; for passive Obedience is no Obedience (that will justifie a Man) 'tis but *Gallows-Obedience*, and the *Obedience of Devils*, for they obey Gods Laws *passively*.

But to pursue this Discourse will raise as much Discourse as did that innocent Sermon, and the unblemisht Author, I mean, (justly and truly unblemisht) and as for Fools and Knaves, that will hear but of one Ear, and being credulous to believe any Slander of one they hate; though perhaps they hate (but as they believe) not knowing wherefore ; for the Judgments or condemning Sentences of such men, the Author is so much plac't above them, and as little concern'd, as the Moon is, when the Dogs bark.---- And all the Dirt and Stones which Malice has (now on this Occasion) cast upon Mr. *Hicker-ingill*, will have no worse Effect than those Stones which the *Jews* and *Mahometans* (as their Custom is to this day) do cast upon *Absalom's Pillar*, as they pass by, namely, to build him a *fairer* (that is) a greater and a more lasting *Monument*.

In

In a little time — *graceless Villain, spightful Rascal, popishly affected, Mass-e-book-kisser, and jesuitical Dog, &c.* (as the Fanaticks are old excellent at calling of Names,) will be accounted but words of Course, and only the familiar Results of frenzical Wrath, and of a silly Observer; and will rather heighten than lessen Reputation amongst the generous and ingenuous *English*.

If the Sermon on — *Curse ye Meroz* — had only spoke against *Popery, Arbitrary Government, &c.* the Fanaticks had made a *precious godly man* of that same *graceless Villain*, all *England* over before this; and if it had only smartly check't Fanatical-plots and designs, another sort of People would have almost *canoniz'd* and *besainted* the Preacher: but to be such a *plain-dealer*, and to spare neither *Papist, Fanatick, nor cursing Debauchee* (which *three* include a great part of the *Blockish-English*) *That, That* makes the Sermon on — *Curse ye Meroz*, the *common-eye-sore* to some, as well as the *common-Talk* to all.

But if no man can answer, nor save old *Calvin's-Ears*, with Scholar-like, Man-like, and Christian-like Attacques, they seem to yield *the Cause, the Cause*; or at least, make it very precarious, if they can only justifie it by stiling the Preacher *graceless Villain, Mass-book-kisser, &c.* whilst the said Sermon will so much the more carry the Vogue still, notwithstanding all the Dirt endeavour'd to be cast upon the Author, which like Dirt and Stones thrown at Heaven will neither hurt nor endanger any thing but their own Pates; and (observe it,) none rail so busily, and concern'd both against the said Sermon and its Author, as those that are *Demagogues* and *Partizans*, men of Designs, as desperate as their Fortunes; being afraid — any man should clarify the Waters, and spoil their fishing, which never thrives but in troubled Waters.

In the Name of God, What would men be at? Ought any thing to be grateful and acceptable to men, if Physicians be not so, especially such as bring certain and sound Medicines to cure and prevent the Distempers of Soul and Body, chiefly the Body Politick, and all this without a Fee?

Is he not a Friend that saves mens Lives, and saves some from the Gallows? such, such a dear Friend is Mr. *Hickeringill* to mad Fanaticks (they are not all so mad, God forbid) and by them he ought to be hug'd and esteem'd for the Physick he prescribes them, it's so good and *wholsom*, though it be not so sweet and *toothsome* to Flesh and Blood, the old man, and the old Principles and leven within them.

By the *false* Comments ---on *Curse ye Meroz*, thousands and multitudes, nay the Kingdom has been ruin'd ;---- By this *true* Interpretation and Prosecution, thousands and Multitudes may be kept from Ruine, Arms, and Civil-War: and is he a Physician of no Value (but to be rail'd at, threatned and revil'd) that can stop a breeding Plurisie in a Body rank of Blood, before it come to the last Remedy, breathing a Vein, and Blood-letting?

Omnia cum liceant, non licet esse pium?

Since some (to Sin) plead Libetty,
Why (to reprove it) may not I?

But the sagest of all his Observations I had almost neglected, p. 6. concerning the *cutting in two* the *man of Sin*, or *Son of Perdition* (by contradistinguishing him, as he calls it) *into the Spirit of Popery*, and the *Spirit of Fop-
pery*, as if any thing in the World could be more a *Fop-
pery* than *Popery*, and thus he bestows upon us most li-
berally

berally at once a Taste of his *Logick*, (as good) as his *Rhetorick*.

I thought a man might have divided a *Crab* into Two, very Logically and Mathematically, and yet it was not very necessary that those Two (Parts) should be contradistinguisht.

But the aptest Reply (if such *Observations* require any other Reply, save *Neglect* and *Scorn*) is an *Aphorism* too, borrowed from a Brother of the Quill ; namely, — *Comparisons are generally odious, especially betwixt things incomparably good*, namely, Popery and Fanaticisme, Popery and Foppery.

I am in the *Observator's Debt*, (I confess) thus by *borrowing* of him, but if he will take my word, (though I am now (like a *Great man* when his *Creditors dun him*) *in great haste, and cannot stay*) yet, *upon my Word and Honour*, I give it here *under my hand*, that I'le pay him off in my next ; if it be but for belying Mr. *Hickeringill* so *impudently* out of his own Book, *Greg. Gray-beard*, when every Body can contradict and convince him of his *Lyes* in Print.

I would call them *Fraulties*, if the *Observator* was one-ly *flesh and blood*, but his *Brow* is *Brass*, or else he durst not say, p. 3. ‘ That All and every bit, that is worth the reading, in this *Elaborate Sermon*, and with very small variation of Words, we have in the said Book, *Greg. Gray-beard*; whereas there is not one word in that Book concerning --- *Curse ye Meroz*, --- but the *Interpretation* of it, every word whereof the *Observator* has Re-printed, (picking it here and there) in his p. 3. And is all that's worth the reading in the whole sheet.

I wonder he did not also Re-print his Brother *Hugh Peter's Sermon* there also in *Rhithm-Burlesque*, as well as in *Print*, and so have serv'd up also more *Cold-pye*, with his

his additional *Oleo's*, that are onely for *shew* not *Use*: How concern'd the *Poor-man* is, to undervalue Mr. *Hicer-ringill's* Treat to the City? But Envy never speaks well, and seldom true; How early he bespeaks their Ingratitude? But (God be thanked) there are more Generous and Ingenuous; they are (not all) *blockish English*, though (you know) in the dayes of yore (and darkness) multitudes of them were such *blind* and *tame* things as to be *led by the Nose* to their Ruin, with Foppery and foppish Comments on --- *Curse ye Meroz*, --- to that height, that *England* became a *Lamentation* as well as a *Laughing-stock* to all Nations.

Till our vertiginous Round-head, giddy-crown-tricks and various overturnings, overturnings of Governments, (as if we had a mind to *shew tricks* in Politicks, and the *double-Somerset* with our *Governours*) convinc't our selves at long run, as well as all the World, how ridiculous and blockish the Generous *English* were become; and that instead of *Gospel-Light*, we had been gull'd with *Whimfies*, *Fancies*, *Fopperies*, and *Phanatismes*, by *Jesuits*, or (their *Apes*) the *Presbyterians*; and so, at last were willing, in the *Restauration* of His Majesty and his Laws, to be also *restor'd* to our Wits.

But some men would perswade us, we have *yet* onely our *lucida Intervalla*, and that there is some fear of a *Midsummer Moon*.

HUGH

HUGH PETERS
SERMON

UPON

Judg. 5. 23. Curse ye Meroz —

Represented, like it self, in this Drolling
Pulpit-stuff.

HID in these words, *it plain appears,*
Lie Men and Arms, 'gainst Cavaliers :
I see them clear as any thing,
Both Foot and Horse, against the King :
Couchant, I grant, Perdue they lie,
Nor seen indeed by Carnal eye ;
Because they lye in Ambuscade ;
But ready are for a Parade :
Arm'd Cap-apee ; and One and All,
To come when we do beat a Call.
Drum-major I, on Pulpit Drum,
Am therefore now, beloved, come
With Bible in Geneva Print,
To turn up All, this Text has in't.
In which, two Parts, at least, I count,
Here's Gerazim, there's Ebal Mount.

F

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his additional *Oleo's*, that are onely for *shew* not *Use*: How concern'd the *Poor-man* is, to undervalue Mr. *Hicer-ringill's* Treat to the City? But Envy never speaks well, and seldom true; How early he bespeaks their Ingratitude? But (God be thanked) there are more Generous and Ingenuous; they are (not all) *blockish English*, though (you know) in the dayes of yore (and darknes) multitudes of them were such *blind* and *tame* things as to be *led by the Nose* to their Ruin, with Foppery and foppish Comments on --- *Curse ye Meroz*, --- to that height, that *England* became a *Lamentation* as well as a *Laughing-stock* to all Nations.

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HUGH PETERSS
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 F Here

Here lies the Blessing, there the Curse :
 Take you the better part ; the worse
 Is good enough for Cavaliers ;
 And such as dare not shew their Eares,
 As Round-heads do, in Good Old Cause,
 For Liberty, Religion, Laws :
 For which, who dies, is cursed never,
 From which, who flies, is cursed ever.
 For which, who dyes, is blessed ever,
 From which, who flies, is blessed never.

Since I was with you last, I've been,
 To tell you Truth, in Hell and Heaven :
 You'l say, perhaps, it is a great way,
 Yet to the first, it is a neat way ;
 And to be found out very easie,
 And down-hill alway to't, an't please ye :
 Nor is't far off, ye may come to't
 In one day, though ye go on foot :
 And Bare-foot, without shooes or hose.
 Of all dayes in the Week, I chose
 The Sabbath (taught by Master Gurney ;)
 To speed the better in my Journey :
 For one may Preach, and Cant, and Pray ;
 Yet never be out of the way :
 Gallants may whore, and roar, and play,
 Yet all the while Post thither may :
 Others may whine, snivel, and fast,
 And yet may thither come at last ;
 Still the more idly men live,
 With greater speed they thither drive.

When I came there, who (do you think)
 I spy'd, as I stood at Pit's brink ?
 Except the Cavaliers, not one :
 And onely one Committee-man,

With

With Sequestrators three, at th' door ;
 Only condemn'd for being poor,
 And balking of a Bishop's Land,
 Sentenc'd for ever there to stand.
 My foot stood just at brink of Pit,
 A little more I'd been in it :
 Truly, I durst not come too near,
 As I good reason had to fear :
 Long Prayers there are no assistance,
 I therefore still did keep my distance :
 And loth to stay, the Fiends to shun,
 Like Hare before the Hounds, I run,
 And I, though fat, away did hie,
 To see what I in Heaven could spie.
 And to that purpose I did gather
 In Arabs a great Phoenix feather
 To fly withall, a pretty thing,
 Dædalus ne're imp'd such a Wing ;
 Resolving with my self to flie
 Above the Clouds, and Starry skie ;
 Hoping the better to get in,
 Because my Name-sake is in Heaven,
 St. Peter at the door : yet I,
 Thinking on't better, (loth to fly
 So high a Pitch) had cause to fear
 I never should find Entrance there,
 On that account (but was to blame)
 Peter was not my Christian-name.
 Besides, I fear'd St. Peter should
 Owe me a Grudge, because I would
 Often (for which I now am vex't)
 Make a bold sally from my Text
 Against the Pope, who is ally'd
 To Peter by the surer side.

Fearing Success, and loth to climb,
 I put off till some other time
 The Journey: I desisting then
 Can tell you no great News from Heaven.
 Therefore I'll keep me to my Text,
 That with some doubts is much perplext;
 But I'll resolve All out of hand,
 And first, in order as they stand,
 Curse ye Meroz — What is Meroz?
 Some Infidel will not come near us,
 Nor to us will Horse and Arms bring,
 But rather send them to the King,
 And go himself, and men to boot;
 But for the Cause not stir one foot.
 This is that Cursed Meroz, that
 To th' Parliament will send no Plate,
 But from us if he can, will lock it,
 And keep his money in his Pocket.
 So much for that. Another word
 There is to clear: — Help of the Lord.
 Help of the Lord! What's that? Lord Bishop?
 Or House of Lords? Not so, I hope:
 Nor Lord Newcastle, nor Lord Goring;
 (With whom the Wicked go a Whoring;
 Help of the Lord, is One and All
 Help the Lord Essex, General.
 But that's not All, for Moneys are
 The Nerves and Sinews too of War;
 For Powder must be had for Gun;
 (We had as good else ne'r begun;
 If the Red-Coats have not their Pay,
 They'll from their Colours run away;
 Nor will they willing be to die
 Nay, and perhaps may may mutiny

For want of Pay; where are we then ?
 We may go hang our selves for men,
 Except we money have. The Gold
 Must here be found, as I'll unfold;
 Help of the Lord then, is, Dear Honey's,
 Help the poor Red-Coats with your Moneys.
 Down with your Dust then ; come be nimble,
 Plate, Bodkins, Tankards, Spoon, or Thimble :
 All these (then as if at a stand,
 And into Pocket putting his hand)
 All these (like Barber's Teeth, being strung
 On red Cloth, ready as they hung)
 (Holding forth, said, All these (good People !)
 From Colchester, St. Peter's Steeple
 Are all clear gains ; and I assure ye
 As many more I got at Bury.
 Then (lest the People should discover
 His sleight of hand, and so give over,
 Finding the Joggle out, and mock it)
 He put his hand in th' other Pocket,
 As feeling for some other strings :
 (But in the interim slyly flings
 His right hand into th' left behind,
 And then the better them to blind,
 His hands met under's cloak, in brief,
 As the Receiver with the Thief)
 He held it out then to be seen,
 (As if some other string 't had been,
 And said) This other string of Plate
 I, from the Wives of Ipswich got.
 The Butcher's Wife did freely give
 All the poor Soul had, I believe :
 I got all to her very Plackit,
 And can have more still when I lack it.

Help of the Lord then, *is*, Dear Coneys !
 Help *us*, dear Petticoats, with moneys !
 List ; for I hear this Text plain lye,
 Fine Ends of Gold and Silver cry :
 (Beggars must be no chusers) whether
 Silver broken or whole ; bring 't hither ;
 Good Wife or Wench ; the Widows mite :
 Oliver C. shall you requite ;
 If you'l not credit what he saith,
 I'l give you then the Publick Faith.
 Methinks I hear the Proverb started,
 A Fool and's Money is soon parted :
 That Proverb does belong to those
 That part with money to our Foes.
 Help, who ? the King ? No. No such thing,
 Help Parliament, not Help the King :
 Where we say King and Parliament,
 The Parliament alone is meant.
 So much for this time then I say.
 Desiderantur Cætera.

Let all Ingenuous English judge, if this Burlesque Sermon, and that preach'd at Guild-Hall, be the same, with very small variation.

But I must withdraw my Pen, and not transgress at this Rate the bounds of a Letter ; wherein, if I have given you but slender Entertainment, attribute it to my great haste, that forces me to write off-hand, having not time to Copy it more fair and dextrously, being diverted also by more necessary Employes, but chiefly ascribe it to that slender occasion that is given by this Bo-peep *Observator*, and they must be very blockish English that have not observ'd the false Quotations,

(45)

tions, Calumnies, sly Insinuations and Reproaches, yet crafty Evasions, if he should be discover'd, in that his so putid and impertinent Scribble.

Whilst in the Interim I thus prove how ready I am to take all occasions to approve my self,

May 28th 1680.

Your Servant

A. B.

F I N I S.

(24)

Слово о полку Игореве. Книга первая. Год 1604.
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